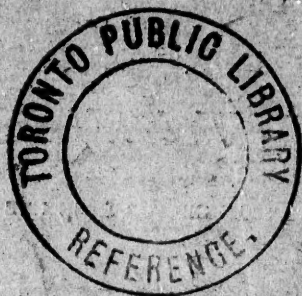




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H Y M N S
OF
SALVATION
SELECTED AND ARRANGED FOR USE IN TEACHING THE
GLAD TIDINGS
OF
MERCY TO MAN,
THROUGH THE BLOOD OF
JESUS CHRIST.

"Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will
give you rest."—St. Matthew xi, 28.
* * * and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise
cast out."—St. John vi, 37.

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1869.

PREFATORY NOTE.

This little compilation was prepared for the special object, under God's blessing, of aiding in Sunday Mission Work in the Toronto Jail. It is commended to those who labour in the service of their Master in compelling (by the constraints of a pleading invitation) the wanderers to "come in."

The selection will be found to embrace Hymns of sufficient variety to give expression to many shades of deep feeling which often finds utterance in the words of some well-known Hymn.

Often the tune and words of a familiar but forgotten hymn, has recalled to the heart of a wanderer, long buried memories of a once "closer walk" and the "peaceful hours then enjoyed,"—or the days of a happier childhood, and of a dear mother's voice, raised in prayer for her children, or in praise for God's goodness and mercy towards them.

A few hymns for special occasions, and for general worship will be found in the collection.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1869.

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HYMNS.

1

C.M

1 IN evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 'Till a new object met my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
 As near the cross I stood.

3 Sure, never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word He spoke.

4 A second look He gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live !"

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Saviour of mankind,
 Nailed to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for me !
- 2 Hark ! how He groans, while nature
 shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 " Receive my soul," He cries ;
 See where He bows His sacred head,
 He bows His head — and dies !
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious
 And in full glory shine ; [chain,
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like thine ?

- 1 **ALAS !** and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

C.M.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Well might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

4

C.M.

C M.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall.
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;

It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace:
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace !

5

C.M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I?—
(Of all, alas! whom I have known,)
Through sin, for ever die !

2 Shall I—amidst a ghastly band—
Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet ?

3 Ah no ! I still may turn and live,
For still His wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me His grace.

- 4 I will accept His offer now,
From every sin depart:
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.

6

L.M.

- 1 STAY! thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

C.M.

- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
[grieved:

- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest!

- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land!

7.

7's.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God, who did you being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
- 2 He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will you cross his love, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
- 4 Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

8

7's.

1 WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !
Hold not back through shame or fear ;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

2 Welcome to the offer'd peace ;
Welcome, pris'ner, to release ;
Burst thy bond, be saved, be free ;
Rise and come—He calleth thee !

3 All ye weary and distress'd,
Welcome to relief and rest ;
All is ready, hear the call ;
There is ample room for all !

9

7's.

1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God ;
Filled with pangs unspeakable.
I, who yet am out of hell!
- 4 Whence to me this waste of love?—
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.
God is love, I know, I feel ;
Jesus hears and loves me still !
- 6 Jesus, answer from above !
Is not all thy nature love ?
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now !

10

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress,
Come and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load,
Oh come, and spread your woes abroad,

Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all that painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon, and life, and endless peace.
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with grateful hearts
The hope thy gracious word imparts,
We come with trembling—yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

C.M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

L.M.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more!

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave!

12

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice.
And trust His bleeding love.

3

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and wretched, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice ;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

This is the time ; no more delay ;
This is the acceptable day :
Come now,—this moment, at His call,
And live for Him, who died for all.

Come and partake the Gospel feast ;
Be saved from sin ; in Jesus rest :
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more !

- 1 COME, poor sinner, worn and weary,
To the fountain opened wide,
To the fountain opened near thee,
In the dear Redeemer's side.
Come to Jesus,
He can all thy sorrows hide.
- 2 Stay not till another bid thee,
Thou canst come, if now thou wilt;
He'll receive thee, oh, believe it,
'Twas for thee His blood was spilt.
Come to Jesus,
He can save thee from thy guilt.
- 3 He can save thee ; yes, He bids thee
Come and wash thy sins away,
Still refusing! yet He chides thee,
"Sinner, sinner, do not stay."
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, come to-day.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

8-7's

He is able;
He is willing—doubt no more.

- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you,
'Tis His Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call!

8-7's

16

8-7's.

- 1 SINNERS, come; though poor and needy,
Jesus will receive the poor;
He declares, "All things are ready,"

And what Jesus says is sure.
 Oh! BELIEVE HIM;
 Take of mercy's boundless store.

2 See His sacred body broken—
 Broken on th'accursed tree;
 Hear the words the Lord hath spoken,
 "Sinner, live, beholding me."
 Helpless sinner,
 Thus the Saviour speaks TO THEE.

3 Should you slight his great salvation,
 Can you stand when He appears?
 When the Judge shall take his station,
 What shall then avail your tears?
 Seek, oh, seek Him!
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

17

7's.

1 COME to Jesus, a'll ye weary,
 Burdened with the load of sin:
 Come to Jesus, He is ready
 To receive such wanderers in.

2 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you,
 Take His yoke and learn of Him;
 As your Prophet to instruct you,
 As your King.—be ruled by Him.

- 3 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you;
He will cancel all your guilt:
'Twas for this He came to save you,
'Twas for this His blood was spilt.

18

C.M.

- 1 Come, sinner, come; to Jesus come;
For time is hastening by:
The day of grace is closing in;
The end is drawing nigh.

The vilest soul that turns to Him,
He'll never send away;
But from his sins will set him free,
And raise to endless day.

7's.

- 3 Oh! come; then, come; and haste away
From sin's delusive power;
You shall obtain delivering grace,
In Satan's darkest hour.

- 4 For all that trust in Jesu's blood
Have everlasting light—
A home with God in heaven above,
And robes of purest white.

19

C.M.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still!

O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 My soul hath gone too oft astray,
My feet too often slip,

Yet since I now would seek Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;

Let sin have no dominion Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

20

C.M.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me, and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

C.M.

ny ways,

grace

—I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad :
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
—I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

way,

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ I am this dark world's light :
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”
—I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

C.M.

21

7's.

own

- 1 JESUS, seek Thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead and keep ;
Take on Thee my every care ;
Bear me, — on Thy bosom bear :

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice ;
More and more of Thee receive ;
Ever in Thy Spirit live :

- 2 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect, through my Lord, below :
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above ;
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand ;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven !

22

C.M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above !
- 2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid ;
He meekly bore the mighty load ;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans, and agony, and blood.
- 3 Pardon and peace through Him abound
He can the richest blessings give ;

Salvation in His name is found —
He bids the dying sinner live.

- 4 Jesus, our Lord, we look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy death alone can set us free
From all our wretchedness and woe.

23

C.M.

- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

C.M.

- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.
- 3 Oh, may we ask with spirit meek,
The blessing which we crave,
But still thou know'st, before we speak,
The thing that we would have!
- 4 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

- 1 **HEAL** us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried,
"Help thou mine unbelief."
- 4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
A poor, weak, trembling soul,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, I come,
To touch thee, if I may:
Oh, send me not despairing hence;
Send none unhealed away.

C.M. 25

L.M.

1 HEAR, gracious Lord ! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly ;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee ;
—O God, be merciful to me !

2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door ;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee :
—O God, be merciful to me !

3 To Thee I come, a sinner vile ;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile !
Mercy alone I make my plea !
—O God, be merciful to me !

4 To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state ;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee ;
—O God, be merciful to me !

5 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I ought wherein to trust ;
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be ;
—O God, be merciful to me !

- 1 CLING to the Mighty One
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One;
He gives relief.
Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.
2. Cling to the Loving One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the Changeless One
Through all below.
Cling to the Pardoning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.
- 3 Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to his side;
Cling to the Risen One,
In him abide.
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes,

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus—
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my guilty stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fullness dwells in Him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my grief on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares :
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name like ointment poured !

28

8.8.8.6.

- 1 JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest?
Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts opprest;
O weary sinner, come.
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come.
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come.
- 5 The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come;
The Saviour bids thee come.

29

1 J

H

A

2 J

T

T

3 Ju

Si

Y

4 Ju

W

Be

5 Ju

Ha

No

8.8.8.6.

29

8.8.8.6.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched. blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yet, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 1 WHAT is peace? a simple resting
On the promise Jesus gives;
All our care upon him casting,
Who to save his people lives.
- 2 What is peace? Our fully knowing
His shed blood on Calvary
As a ransom-price was flowing
There, to set his people free.
- 3 He's our peace, the great Sin-bearer—
Look, poor sinner, look and live;
Look to Jesus, be a sharer
In the rest this faith can give.
- 4 Take the peace, so freely offered,
All thy debt is fully paid,
'Twas for thee the Saviour suffered,
For thy guilt on him was laid.
- 5 Now this peace, thou precious Saviour,
Give to each poor burdened soul;
Let us doubt no more nor waver,
But thy boundless love extol.

7's.

31

S.M.

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.
- 2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to Thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
And I shall sin no more.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity:
While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, Thy grace bestow,
New Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And wash me white as snow!

32

C.M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw ; and—O amazing love !
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining courts above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all his mournful human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

33

7's.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to Thee;
I've a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part.

C.M.

2 I can never make it good,
Wilt Thou wash me in Thy blood ?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I pray to Thee.

3 When I try to do Thy will,
Sin I find is with me still,
And I then do something bad;
For my heart is dark and sad.

4 Now I come to Thee for aid,
All my hope on Thee is stayed;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will give myself to Thee.

34

7's.

1 JESUS Christ is passing by,
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, "Be merciful to me."

2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise! He calleth thee indeed.

3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me!

7's.

Let it penetrate my soul ;
All my heart and life control."

- 4 Oh, how sweet the Saviour's love,
As it comes from heaven above;
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

35

C.M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In sin and misery.
Return! Return!

- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
O then, for refuge flee.
Return! Return!

- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return! Return!

36

7's.

- 1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty ;
My heart is dead within :
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

C.M.

- 2 I need thee, blessed Jesus !
I need a friend like Thee ;
A friend to warn and sympathize,
A friend to care for me :
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

37

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, the sinner's friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;
Open Thine arms, and take me in !
- 2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;

Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

38

8-7's.

- 1 I AM weary, I am weary,
Of this ceaseless strife within ;
I am weary of contending
With the hateful load of sin.
I am weary of the wand'rings
Of this weak and wayward heart ;
They have grieved thee, blessed Spirit,
They have caused thee to depart.
- 2 But I hear a voice that speaketh
To my heavy-laden soul,
" Come, and rest upon my bosom,
" And on me thy burden roll.
" Lean on me for strength and succor ;
" Cling to me whate'er betide :
" Sin nor Satan shall o'ercome thee,
" If in me thou wilt abide ! "
- 3 I will trust thee, blessed Jesus,
As myself I cannot trust ;
For thy grace my soul can quicken,
Though it cleaveth to the dust.

To thy wounds I'll look for healing;
In thy strength I shall be strong:
Thou alone art my salvation,
Thou alone shalt be my song.

39

7s.

1 COME, oh weary sinners come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy gracious words obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

3 Lord we come to Thee for help,
Kind and gracious as Thou art;
Now our burdened souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

40

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow;
Yield thee to-day.

Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Wait not for to-morrow !
Jesus is nigh !
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Life can supply.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye,
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high ;
In that high home
Graven thy name ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly.

41

7's.

1 PILGRIM burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gates to-day ;
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
 Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
 Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait—till heav'nly light appears.

- 2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice;
 Hasten, pilgrim, to thy rest;
 Now, oh let thy heart rejoice,
 Jesus, thee hath bought and blest.
 Safe from all the lures of vice;
 Jesu's arms around thee now,
 Bought by love—His life the price;
 Blest since he has loved thee so.

42

8.8.8.6.

- 1 O CAPTIVE soul, in Jesu's name,
 Eternal ransom thou may'st claim,
 Jesus hath purchased it with blood,
 * Jesus can set thee free.

- 2 Thou weary one, why longer be
 Sore burdened by captivity?
 Jesus is near to give the rest,
 Jesus will set thee free.

- 3 He came the broken heart to bind,
 To ease with peace the troubled mind,
 Only believe, 'tis true, 'tis true,
 Jesus will set thee free.

7's.

pray.

- 4 He'll safely lead thee on thy way,
To dwell with Him in endless day,
Nothing shall there thy peace molest,
Jesus will set thee free.

- 1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose heart, still trusting in Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some answer to believing prayer.

44

6-7's.

- 2 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinner's ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come in poverty and meanness;
Though defil'd without—within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white,
Ye shall walk with God in light!
- 3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood;
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when he was glorified.

45

C.M.

- 1 OH ! what amazing words of love,
Are in the Gospel found !
Oh, let us come their depth to prove,
And hail their joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds,
Your every burden bring :
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
- Whoever will, (oh, gracious word !)
May of this stream partake :
Come, thirsty soul, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake !

46

8's.

- 1 O YE who, like sheep gone astray,
Are wandering far from the fold
In a sinful and sorrowful way,
With hearts all rebellious and cold ;

**The Saviour has followed you long,
All o'er the dark mountains of sin,
Oh, why will you madly go wrong
Against warnings without and within ?**

**2 Oh, think what a soul must be worth
For which such a price has been given !
Can you balance the pleasures of earth
Against it, your Saviour, and heaven ?
The Lord of the vineyard hath found
Neither blossom nor promise of fruit ;
Cut it down, for it cumpers the ground ;
It is dead, pluck it up by the root.**

**3 Yet, lovingly, year after year,
The husbandman prays him to spare,
If haply some fruit may appear,
On branches long barren and bare.
Oh, why will you not to him come,
And accept the free gift of his love ?
Return to your Saviour and home,
And give joy to the angels above !**

47

7's.

**1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean king !
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring :**

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By Thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through Thy Name!

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thea were laid;
 By Almighty Love annointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made,
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of Heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side.
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

48

6-8's.

1 COME, O my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin:
 His bleeding heart shall make you room:

His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

- 2 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
The lost, the publicans, and thieves!
He spreads His arms t' embrace you all:
Sinners alone His grace receive:
No need of Him the righteous have:
He came the lost to seek and save.

49

L.M.

- 1 "Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:"
('Tis God invites the fallen race:)
"Mercy and free salvation buy:
Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 "Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call:
Return, ye weary wanderers, home:
And find my grace s free for ALL.
- 3 "See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4. "Nothing ye in exchange shall give:
 Leave all you have and are behind:
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

50

6-8's.

- 1 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
 My saving grace for all is free;
 I will in nowise cast him out
 That comes a sinner unto me;
 I can to none myself deny;
 Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

- 2 For you the purple current flow'd
 In pardons from his wounded side;
 Languish'd for you th' eternal God;
 For you the Prince of Glory died:
 Believe and all your sin's forgiven:
 Only believe, and yours is heaven!

51

C.M.

- 1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
 The quickening Spirit give:
 Call me, Thou son of God, that I
 May hear thy voice, and live.

e:
ind: 2 Impotent, dumb, and deaf and blind,
And sick and poor I am;
But sure a remedy I'll find
For all in Jesu's Name.

6-8's. 3 I know in Thee all fullness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain!

4 I cannot rest, till in Thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

y'd
l side;
God;
died:
ven:
en! 5 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

52

S.M.

C.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;

And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell thou within our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

53

C.M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

3 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

4 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face!
Now let me hear the quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace!

54

C.M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

C.M.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

55

C.M.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls,
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word :
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord !"
- 3 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly :
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.
- 4 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into Thy hands I fall ;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

56

C.M.

- C.M.
- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone !

- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn !

- ace,
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

- 4 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble,—then wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

57

10.11.

- ness,
- 1 OH, why will ye die, and sink in despair ?
From misery fly, while mercy is near !
Remember, your moments are hastening
away ;
Return to Jesus ! no longer delay !

2 A refuge He is from Satan and sin ;
 You'll brave every storm if sheltered by
 Him ; [breath
 He, He is a Saviour, to life's late
 He'll keep you in sorrow, in sickness and
 death.

3 How great was the grace that Jesus dis-
 played, [laid
 When God hid his face, and sin on Him
 Then love this kind Saviour, believe in
 his word ; [Lord
 Rejoice in his pardon, rejoice in the

1 JESUS! the Name I love to hear
 I love to speak its worth ;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free ;
 It tells me of his precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea .

3 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe,
 Who in my sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

- 4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 It dries each rising tear;
 It tells me in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and never fear.

9

C.M.

THERE is no Name so sweet on earth,
 No Name so sweet in heaven,
 The Name before his wondrous birth,
 To Christ the Saviour given.

We love to sing around our king,
 And hail him blessed Jesus;
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus!

And when He hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above Him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.
 We love to sing, &c.

See now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
 We love to sing, &c.

60

C.M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

C.M.

61

6-8's

- 1 WEARY of wandering from God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn :
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the Throne of Love !
- 2 O Jesus full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open thy arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still !
- 3 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more !

62

C.M.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me !

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

63

C.M.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;

His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

- 4 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;
The Lamb of God was slain ;
His soul was once an offering made
For all the sin of man.

64

C.M.

- 1 Oh ! for a closer walk with God !
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

65

L.M.

1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
 To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain
 Is sweet,—and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever closed to all but Thee!
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side!
 Who life and strength from thee receive
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
 That thou shouldst us to glory bring?

Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-failing crown !

- 5 Hence our hearts melt ; our eyes o'erflow ;
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
" My Lord, my Love is crucified !"

66

C.M.

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Sustain for guilt and sin,
Sustain me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, that not my feet alone,
My hand, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

67

C.M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas.
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endured the pain,
Supported by thy word.

68

C.M.

- 1 I NEVER shall forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins away;
I was enslaved, but Jesus saved:
That day was free in Israel made.

C.M.

Happy day ! Happy day !
 When Jesus washed my sins away ;
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day ;
 Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

2 Come all ye sin-sick souls, draw near
 By faith to Christ, He now is here ;
 This is our day. why, why delay ?
 His blood now washes sins away.
 Happy day, &c.

3 Then you shall sing each happy day,
 As on you tread the heavenly way,
 To join the lay, shout, sing, and say,
 T'was Jesus washed our sins away !
 Happy day, &c.

69

L.M:

C.M.

1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God,
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day :

Happy day; happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to obey the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor even from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.
Happy day, &c.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear!
Happy day, &c.

70

6-8's.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness :
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood through earth and skies
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries !
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest,
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away sad doubt, and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.

- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health and friends
[be gone.
Though love be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies :
Father, Thy mercy never dies !
- 6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

71

7'8.

- 1** COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2** Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3** O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!

Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

72

L.M

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee !
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill !
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace !

73

L.M.

- 1 GOD of my life ! to Thee I call ;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ,
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

Then hear, O Lord ! our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye.

To Thee, their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake!

74

L.M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

L.M.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tears to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

75

P.M.

1 OH, when shall we see Jesus,
And dwell with Him above,

And drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love ?
 When shall we be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with our blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in ?

2 Oh when we meet with trials,
 And troubles on our way,
 Let's cast our care on Jesus,
 And not forget to pray :
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 And when the combat's ended,
 We'll reign with Him above !

76

4.6 & 2.8

1 JESUS, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

2 Stung by the scorpion sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole :

See there my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

- 3 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call !
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified :
For all, for all my Saviour died !

77

L.M. .

- 1 Jesus ! thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, and guilt and shame.
- 3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.
- 4 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,

Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

- 5 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea—
"Jesus hath lived;—hath died for me!"

78

C.M.

- 1 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
- 2 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 4 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?"

5 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep t' awake :
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

6 "I must for faith incessant cry
And wrestle Lord with thee:
I must be born again, or die
'To all eternity."

79

L.M.

1 Whom man forsakes, Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my sinfulness I own,
And all my faults to Thee are known.

2 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt !
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure ;
I want—do Thou enrich the poor ;
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up !

4 Lord, I am blind—be Thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak—be Thou my might ;

A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee!

80

C.M.

1 SAVIOUR of sinners, lend thine ear,
Accept the mourner's plea,
And listening, to my feeble prayer,
O Saviour, pardon me!

2 Thy wounded head, Thy pierced side,
The precious blood I see,
O wash me in that crimson tide!
O Jesus, pardon me!

3 Beneath Thy cross to Thee I'll cry,
Until my soul is free;
Both night and day I'll groan and sigh,
O Jesus, pardon me!

81

C.M.

1 DEAR Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent
smart,
The evil it contains.

- 2 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by Thy power,
And make me Thy beloved abode,
And let me roam no more!

C.M.

82

7's

- 1 SPEAK, my Saviour, speak to me,
With divine effectual power:
Weeping I look up to Thee;
Bid me, "Go and sin no more"

- 2 Thou are full of pard'ning love,
'Thou canst grant what I implore;
Now Thy pitying mercy prove,
Bid me, "Go, and sin no more."

83

6-7's.

- 1 WEARY souls, that wander wide,
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His!
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

C.M.

- 2 Oh, believe the record true;
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;

frequent

Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

- 3 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown,
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by His fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

84

S.M.

- 1 JESUS! my Truth, my Way,
My sure unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which 'Thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My Wisdom, and my Guide,
My Counsellor, Thou art;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart.
- 3 Ourselves we cannot save,
Ourselves we cannot keep,
But strength in Thee we surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

- 4 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On Thee ; Oh never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end !

85

C. M

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within ;
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubl'd breast.
And crush'd the power of sin.

S. M.

- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

- 3 There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in that better, brighter home,
Thy perfect beauty see !

86

7s.

- 1 JESU ! Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll—
While the tempest still is high !

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of Thee!
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling,
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

88

C.M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

- 2 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd ;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

- 3 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him "Thou hast died."
- 4 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.
- 5 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still!
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

89

4-6's. and 2-8's.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, oh, forgive!" they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One,
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

90

4-6's. and 2-8's.

1 Blow ye the trumpet! blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

2 Jesus our great High Priest
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year, &c.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought ;
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

91

C.M.

1 AND did the Holy one above,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to earth : amazing love !
That man to heaven might rise ?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His glorious throne on high,
(Oh wondrous mercy, love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed, and die,

3 He took the dying sinner's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead:
 For man—(oh, miracle of grace!)
 For man the Saviour bled.

4 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 And may I feel that love extends
 Its sacred power to me!

5 What glad return can I impart
 For favours so divine?
 Oh, take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine!

92

P.M.

1 BEHOLD, behold, the Lamb of God,
 On the cross!
 For us he shed his precious blood,
 On the cross.
 Oh, hear his dear, beseeching cry,
 "Eloi, lama sabachthani!"
 Draw near and see your Saviour die,
 On the cross.

2 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
 On the cross.
 He drinks for you the bitter cup,
 On the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross.

3 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the Cross.
The battle's fought, the victor's won,
On the cross.
To heaven He turns his languid eyes;
" 'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries;
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross.

3

C.M.

1 OPEN my eyes, O Lord, to see
My lost and wretched state;
Show me my guilt and misery.
While at thy feet I wait.

- quake,
,"
,"
on,
yes;
r cries;
s,
be,
- 2 Help me to hear th' expiring groans
Of Jesus on the tree;
" This blood for all thy sin atones—
'Tis finished,—all for thee!"
- 3 Oh, how can I neglect such love,
So freely shown to me,
In Jesu dying on the cross,
From sin to set me free?
- 4 I know there's no escape for me,
If I should still deny
My Lord, who bled on Calvary
To raise me to the sky.
- 5 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly
From slav'ry, sin, and guilt;
My hopes, my all, on Thee rely—
The blood for me was spilt.

94

L.M.

- C.M.
- 1 My sufferings all to Thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 O call to mind Thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,

Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
 Thy mortal groan, "My God! My
 [God!"]

3 For whom didst Thou the cross endure?
 Who nail'd Thy body to the tree?
 Did not Thy death my life procure?
 O let thy sorrows answer me?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
 Or quench the smallest spark of grace.
 Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
 Thy all-victorious righteousness.

5 The day of small and feeble things
 I know Thou never wilt despise;
 I know, with healing in His wings,
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh:
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is;
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 He dies to atone
 For sins not his own ;
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he
 hath done.
 Ye all may receive
 The peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

3 For you and for me
 He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
 That sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

96

6-4's.

1 To-DAY the Saviour calls
 Ye wanderers home ;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls ;
 Oh, hear Him now !
Within these gracious walls
 To Jesus bow !

3 To-day the Saviour calls ;
 For refuge fly !

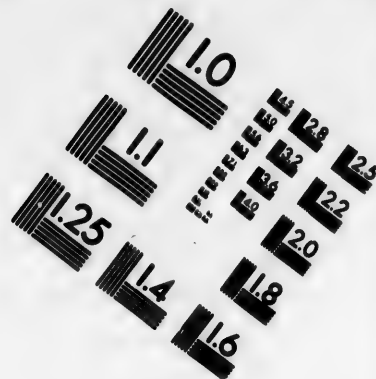
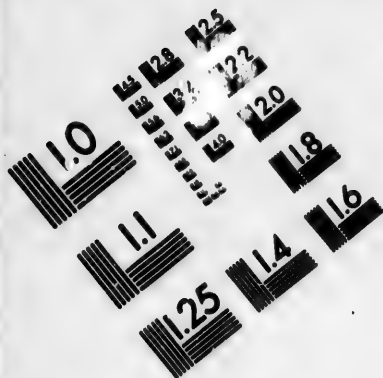
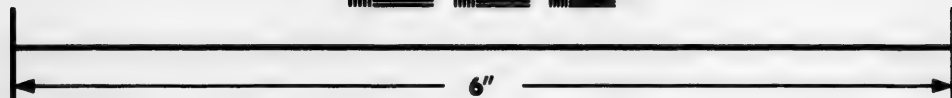
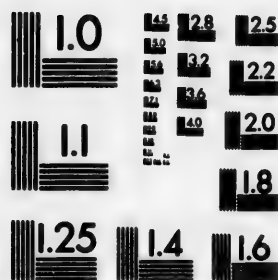


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The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

- 4 The Spirit calls to-day;
 Yield to his power!
 Oh, grieve Him not away;
 'Tis mercy's hour.

97

6.8.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
 Immersed in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sends to you.
 Ye perishing and guilty, come;
 In Jesu's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame,
 All things are ready; sinner, come!
 For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Drawn by his bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
 Christ calls you from above;
 His gracious accents hear!
 Let whosoever will now come!
 For each and all there yet is room.

98

7's.

6.8.

- 1 As the serpent raised by Moses
Healed the serpent's burning bite ;
Jesus thus Himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight :
Hear His gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give ;
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to Me and live."

- 2 Dearest Saviour we adore Thee,
For thy precious life and death ;
Melt each stubborn heart before Thee ;
Give us all the eye of faith ;
From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal ;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal !

99

6-7's.

- 1 PITY, Lord. a wretched creature,
One whose sins for vengeance cry,
Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
Throbbing heart and heaving sigh,
Oh, my Saviour, canst Thou let a sinner
die?

2 No ! Thou canst not : Thou hast promised
To attend unto his prayer ;
Still he cries, in faltering accents,
"Jesus, oh, in mercy spare !"
Spare the sinner, Jesus, oh, in mercy spare.

3 Oh ! how swift Divine compassion
Runs to meet the mourning soul ;
And with words of consolation
Makes the wounded spirit whole,
"I'm the Saviour:" let this truth thy
heart console.

100

S.M.

1 My Saviour ! Thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
Oh, dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to Thee !

2 Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to Thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my sins ;
I know Thou canst forgive.

101

L.M.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;

Saviour Divine ! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
To choose at once the better part ;
And as earth's fairest hopes decay
Choose joys that none can take away.

102

C.M

- 1 " Do you love Jesus ? " I was asked,
With shame I answered " No ! "
Oh, what a sinner I have been
To treat my Saviour so.

- 2 If earthly friend for me had bled,
I'd love his very name ;
Though Christ for me his blood has shed,
Of Him I've been ashamed !

103

L.M.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchment scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;

When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the loud trump that wakes the
dead ;

- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

104

P.M.

- 1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of His passion,
Still His dazzling body bears :
Cause of endless exultation

To His ransom'd worshippers ;
 With what rapture !
 Gaze we on those glorious scars !

- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thy eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 O come quickly !
 Everlasting God, come down !

105

- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 Where the Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request.

On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 My stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.

On the other side of Jordan, &c.

- 3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn,
Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed !
Hail with joy the happy morn.

On the other side of Jordan, &c.

- 4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your trumpets as ye go !
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

On the other side of Jordan, &c.

106

P.M.

- 1 THERE is life in a look at the crucified
One !
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto him, and be
saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 Oh ! why was He there as the bearer of
sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid ?
Oh ! why from his side flowed the sin-
cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid ?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or
 prayers, [soul;
 But the blood, that atones for the
 On Him then believe, and a pardon re-
 ceive, [quite whole.
 For his blood now can make thee

4 We are healed by his stripes;—wouldst
 thou add to the word?
 And He is our righteousness made;
 The best robe of heaven He bids thee
 put on,
 Oh, couldst thou be better arrayed?

5 Then take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at
 The life everlasting He gives; [once
 And know, with assurance, thou never
 canst die,
 Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

107

P.M.

1 THERE'S a light in the window for thee,
 brother,
 There's a light in the window for thee;
 The Saviour has gone to the mansions
 above,
 There's a light in the window for thee!
 A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee

- 2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm,
brother, [art free;
When from toil and from care thou
The Saviour has gone to prepare thee a
home,
There's a light in the window for thee!
A mansion in heaven, &c.
- 3 Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray,
brother,
All thy journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail thee, and storms
beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee
A mansion in heaven, &c.
- 4 Then on, perservingly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels shall beckon thee over the
stream,
There's a light in the window for thee
A mansion in heaven, &c.

108

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever,
Flowing by the throne of God!

Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silvery spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

- 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

We're marching to Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again? No! never
part again.
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

We're marching &c.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

We're marching &c.

C.M.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

We're marching &c.

- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove.
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!

We're marching &c.

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

We're marching &c.

110

C.M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 No chilling winds or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful store;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away!

III

C.M.

- 1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world,
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast !

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

112

L.M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears :
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind :
He heaps up treasures,—mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before Thy throne :
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

113

C.M.

- 1 Thee, we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!

C.M.

And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

114

L.M.

- 1 Awake, our soul! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on,
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is every new, and every young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire alone the heavenly road.

115

C.M.

- 1 Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Sion's hill !

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more !
To meet to part no more !
To meet on Canaan's happy shore,
And sing hallelujah
With those that have gone before.

- 2 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see ;
Our face like His shall shine ;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 3 O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
crowns upon our head.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 4 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through :
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

C.M.

- 5 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away.
O Jesus, quickly come !

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

116

C.M.

- 1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 5 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home !

117

C.M.

- 1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let ev'ry lamp be burning ;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

For now, &c.

- 3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow ;
For hope will sing with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."

For now, &c.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies—
There is our home for ever !

For now, &c.

118

6's.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before :
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne ;
Nearer the crystal sea ;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross ;
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;
Let me feel thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SABBATH.

119

L.M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows;
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach that place:
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin:
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

THE CHRISTIAN'S SABBATH.

120

7's

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest !
Sweet repose from wordly care ;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare ;
Day when our Redeemer rose
Victor o'er the hosts of hell :
Thus he vanquish'd all our foes ;
Let our lips his glories tell.

2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word ;
When we sing thy praise and pray—
Earth can no such joys afford.
But a better rest remains—
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days ;
Rest from sin, and rest from pains ;
Endless joys, and endless praise.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

121

C.M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near :
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

122

C.M.

1 Mortals awake, with angels join
And chant th' solemn lay
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout
And glory leads to song :
Good will and peace are heard throughout.
The harmonious, heavenly throng

- ice
;
- 3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high!
 "Good will and peace are now complete,"
 Jesus was born to die!
- 4 Hail Prince of life! forever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother Friend,
 Though earth and time and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

123

C.M.

- C.M.
- 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour
 comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the riches of His grace
 To bless the humble poor.
- out.

- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name !

EASTER HYMN.

124

P.M.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 " It is finish'd !" oh, what pleasure
 Do the wond'rous words afford !
 Heav'nly blessing without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord,
 " It is finished !"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Strike them to Immanuel's name :
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim.
 " It is finished !"
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

125

EASTER HYMN.

7's.

- 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen today,"
Sons of men, and Angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply,
Hallelujah.

P.M.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
Hallelujah.

- 3 Vain ths stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the bars of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
Hallelujah.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?
Hallelujah.

126

EASTER HYMN.

C.M.

- 1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;

And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought
Such wonders love can do !
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you !

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again !
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain !

4 High o'er the' angelic bands He rears
His once-dishonour'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day !

EASTER HYMN.

127

P.M.

1 THE happy morn is come :
Triumphant o'er the grave

The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led,
 For JESUS liveth, who was dead !

- 2 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
 The glorious work is done ;
 On Him our help is laid ;
 By Him our victory won ;
 Captivity is captive led,
 For JESUS liveth, who was dead !

EASTER HYMN.

128

8-7.

- 1 HE who once was dead, now liveth,
 Lo ! he lives for evermore ;
 He who all our sins forgiveth—
 He who all our judgment bore.
- 2 And 'tis done—from heaven's treasure
 All the fearful debt is paid ;
 Our transgressions' perfect measure,
 God on his beloved laid.
- 3 Tell around the wide creation
 What redeeming love hath done ;
 Publish full and free salvation,
 Through the blood of God's dear Son.

P.M.

129

C.M.

- 1 Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died !" they cry,
" To be exalted thus !"—
" Worthy the Lamb !" our hearts reply ;
" For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine !
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

THE NEW YEAR.

130

7's.

- 1 Bless, O Lord, the opening year
To each soul assembled here !
Clothe the word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine !

C.M.

2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep!
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look to Thee!

ongues,

3 Where thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears!

ey cry,

reply;

4 Bless us all,—both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue!
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

ive,

131

C.M.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to Him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year:
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

7's.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

ne,

- 4 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee!

PRAYER FOR GOD'S BLESSING.

132

C.M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
That heav'nly seed remove;
But give it root in ev'ry heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow!
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know!

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C.M.

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